

OSCAR

Oct 2021

Issue 1: "man of a thousand ideas"

LEWIS

O.A. "Gold Act" LEMUS

May 6, 1989 - Sept. 4, 2021

By 35

- a print
- a Blainlight X Hip-hop poster product
- PhD or PLAN B
- photo - zine

Katreen Boustani - More than any other format I feel like a zine--a multi-modal, eclectic, sort of chaotic, deeply personal piece of art--is the closest we can get to representing Oscar in a material form. The zine allows us to stitch together traces of Oscar--his art, his thoughts, his ideas in formation, the artifacts he kept close, things that were meaningful to him--together with traces of who he is for/with everyone around him, those who love him, learn from him. And it allows all of us to express ourselves and who we got to be because of our relationships with him. The zine format holds space for all of our creativity, the non-linear and messy workings of our minds. The part of my soul still linked to Oscar's has an intimate, assured sense that this is a crucial way he wants his life to be represented, to be spoken loudly and to reverberate out into the world, to outlast his bodily form. And anyway, he says so himself. Photo-zine by 35. We're making it happen.

Javon Goard - How do you capture, transpose, replicate the life of a being whose very essence cascaded widely beyond the body?

How do you even attempt to structure, to organize, to simply put in place the means in which to put someone's life story into a contained space such as a zine?

Such a Herculean task, I struggled to comprehend. And yet, here I am - here we are - and here are you, the reader, sharing in this experience. You know, one of the things Oscar and I always did was sing each other's praises. Constantly. A back and forth, a gymnastics tumble, two chefs in the same kitchen war between us to see who could say "I love you first". A battle to see who could compliment the other person first. No matter if it was that we go to lunch, that we go to sleep on time, that we did all the readings, that we were prepared for our advisory meetings. It would be basic experiences such as those that we would chat about, be angry about, and simply bask in.

Oscar was - is - my brother. We became brothers in the struggle and we both grew because of this similar struggle. However, I - we, us - are now faced with the struggle - the conflict of moving forward in the physical sense without his physical presence. Captured here in this zine is merely snippets, merely acts of a life so fulfilled in many ways - and at the same time, cut far too short. Here in this zine there are languages, there are texts, there are drawings that are simply trying to fulfill in some way an aspect of his life. For no one thing can fully capture it, even in this zine. And that's okay. Oscar would view that as being okay. So for all those who read this zine, share this zine, talk about this zine - know that this is just the tangible and/or digital form of Oscar. But each one of us will carry apart of his legacy. And that can never be bound in pages.

NAME _____
DATE _____
Ashley Bates-Forero - Oscar had a huge love of materiality, DIY practices, and collaboration among a lot of dope people so making a zine seems like a great outlet to feel closer to him. Making this zine was therapeutic, and having a physical artifact of love for someone who meant so much to so many people will probably become one of my most prized possessions. I've done a lot of design projects in the past but this one hit different. There's love and life that travels on every page and I feel Oscar's playful spirit being my guide in people's art, anecdotes, and his sticky notes and papers and doodles and receipts!!

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT
Oscar was a bridge for people. Always connecting, always giving opportunities...in a way he still continues to do that. I'm so thankful to be grieving with you all, and get to see parts of Oscar in you and everyone reading this. We are now all connected, and I cannot wait to celebrate his life indefinitely with you all and continue to express ourselves and our feelings through love and art—two foundational parts of Oscar's being. Two foundational parts that he has shown and brought out in me...and you.

Quinton Stroud - The zine represents a collection of memories, a place for people to highlight the ways Oscar touched their lives. It is also a place to house the artifacts he left behind for us, an opportunity to engage with his heart and mind in the days to come. It is a document meant to reunite each of us with the goodness that he brought into our lives and a small way for us to express what he meant to us. In some ways, I think of this project as an offering of love or a prayer, a way to show gratitude to the universe for having allowed us the gift of knowing such a wonderful human being.

We made this zine in honor of our friend. It was created while reflecting on things that he loved, the ways that he inspired us, and the many dreams he encouraged us to pursue. We made it in the hopes that everyone who came across it might stop and reflect on what Oscar Lemus represented in this world and in our lives. It is my hope that all those who come across this will pause and reflect on the people in their lives who they love and who love them in return. I hope it will make them pause, that it will make them realize the intense beauty of all of the connections that make their lives wonderful and vibrant and worth living.

Iris Bull - For me the Zine represents an archive of love. It's a catalyst for sharing the love that we felt toward someone we all felt connected to, and to amplify and transform that love into new relationships. As an archive, it is also inherently a meditation. Selfishly, it is a placeless space in which I can lose myself for a moment in the significance of someone who gave me courage when I was scared, who gave me direction when I felt lost. I want the zine to help me capture and preserve those moments of clarity that were only possible with Oscar because of where he was for a moment in terms of making the zine, do I even have a choice? At the moment of its first mention my heart leapt out of my chest. So perhaps in continuing to work on this project with all the people who also loved Oscar, I am letting my heart take on a new journey. He wouldn't want me to wallow in his absence, so the zine helps me honor him every day that we return to its development and production.

A MI PRIMO ANDRÉS

Primo, quiero agradecerte por haber sido tan lindo, cariñoso y atento con mi hermana y conmigo. Recuerdo las veces que viniste a Guatemala, entre tus prioridades siempre estaba ver a tu familia y pasar tiempo con nosotras. La última vez que viniste, recuerdo que en tu primer día de estar aquí nos preguntaste si queríamos ver alguna serie o película juntos, nos enseñaste Stranger Things y viste los primeros capítulos con nosotras. Fuiste a comprarnos dulces para que los comiéramos mientras viéramos la serie. Sentí que nos tratabas como si no fuésemos tus primas, sino tus hermanas pequeñas a quienes nos consentiste mucho. También nos llevaste al cine a Raquel y a mí, y saliste con mis amigos y conmigo; siempre buscabas pasar tiempo con nosotras.

Te queremos muchísimo.

Dear Oscar...

:) I remember when you called me boat boy right after I proudly put on my bucket hat. I remember when we shared a sad thing to each other that we realized we had in common and, with a light and funny hand gesture, you said something like, okay, I feel like we just got a star in Mario cart and unlocked a friendship level. I remember when I felt like I was talking a lot and I said sorry for being annoying and you looked at me straight in the eyes and said, hey you never annoy me. There was something special about you. You wanted everyone to feel good and you encouraged people to be themselves and accomplish their goals. A true professor. I feel like we just met. We were just trying to go bike riding again. You definitely impacted my life and I'm so grateful for it. Miss you, bro.

Gracias por todo!

Karina

9 de septiembre de 2021, 18:20

Washing

I hope to wash my body
I hope to wash my clothes
I hope to wash my eyes
I hope to wash my soul

You took it with you but that's okay
I have a new one now and it's here to stay
It's mine and yours together
So fierce and unbeatable
I can go anywhere w you
Nothing is impossible

Desde que llegaste fuiste la alegría de nuestra casa, nos estrenaste como tíos, aunque realmente nos trataste como tus hermanos. Tengo el privilegio de almacenar en mi corazón muchas historias a tu lado. Todas llenas de nobleza ... esa palabra que ha acompañado tu vida desde siempre. No sabría escoger la mejor anécdota para compartir ... porque las repaso y cada una merece ser contada. Muchas lecciones aprendidas a través de ti. Sin duda alguna el mejor de los ejemplos para nuestra familia. Tu legado para nosotros es grande ... cada día descubrimos algo nuevo. Estamos unidos mas que nunca a través de ti. Mis pensamientos contigo siempre.

< Notas



8 de septiembre de 2021, 21:47

Mother tongue

Siento nuestra idioma diferente ahora. Lo veo antes hablar por supervivencia pero ahora lo veo por conexión a ti. Las palabras siente diferente ahora. Me encanta cuando tú hablaste a mí. Me sentía el amor en tu voz cada vez

Dear Oscar - A Poem

Dear Oscar,
I remember the time you wanted me
To ride one of those electric scooters.
With a smirk, I promptly said, no.
But I knew you would not accept that.
Your playful nature turned dull hours
To moments of joy.

Dear Oscar,
I remember the times in class
When someone said something
Out-of-pocket.
Without hesitation, we would immediately
Glance at each other holding in laughter.
Holding in the cringe inducing reply
Of which we both would say, YOOOOOOO.

Dear Oscar,
I remember the many times you helped
Students and colleagues think through
Their ideas.
Ideas that simply need a little push.
You handled being pushed incredibly well.
Like water over gravel, you always found ways
To move forward.

Dear Oscar,
I remember the exact time and place
I felt lost. It was 10:30 a.m. and
Tears rolled down my face
Full of anxiety, stress, and fear.
It was at your place, The Mustard Mansion.
You spoke to me passing by the river
Flowing out of my eyes, skating elegantly
Pass the anxiety induced darkness
Emanating from my body.
You spoke to my soul...
And it heard you loud and clear.

Dear Oscar,
I remember the moments of whimsy
And chaos we found ourselves in.
And through every turbulent storm,
And through every jubilant breeze,
We faced them together...
As brothers do.

Dear Oscar,
I will always remember the warmth
And excitement I felt every time
I was around you.
You told me countless times you
Were simply learning lessons from me.
But Oscar, my friend, my confidant,
My supporter, my guide, my brother
I have been learning lessons from you.
Lessons not solely wrapped in the chaotic
Fashions of academic inquiries, but
Life itself.

So Dear Oscar,
Know that I and many others long
To hear your charming voice and see
That radiant smile.
Even though, you were deaf in one ear,
That was only ever a physical manifestation.
I always knew, we always felt, you listened
More than most.

So Dear Listener or Reader,
Oscar will be forever stitched into the cloth
That makes us who we are.
Never let a strong come undone.
And if it does, tend to it
Like Oscar would have done.

Querido Óscar Andrés

Llegaste para dar luz y brillo, pensé en algún momento que a nuestras vidas (a tu mamá, a tus abuelos, a tus tíos)...pero estaba muy equivocado!

Llegaste a dar luz y brillo a muchas vidas, que hoy lamentan tu partida, pero también celebran tu vida!

Tu legado traspasa las fronteras, eres inspiración para muchos, y aun no estando físicamente, continuas enseñando, inspirando, motivando, marcando ejemplo de "Amor al prójimo", de nobleza y perseverancia!

Serás amado y recordado hasta el día que nuestro Dios nos llame a su presencia, hasta entonces...te extrañaremos!

Te quiero! Tu tío Cacho

I'll See You in My Dreams

Song by Bruce Springsteen

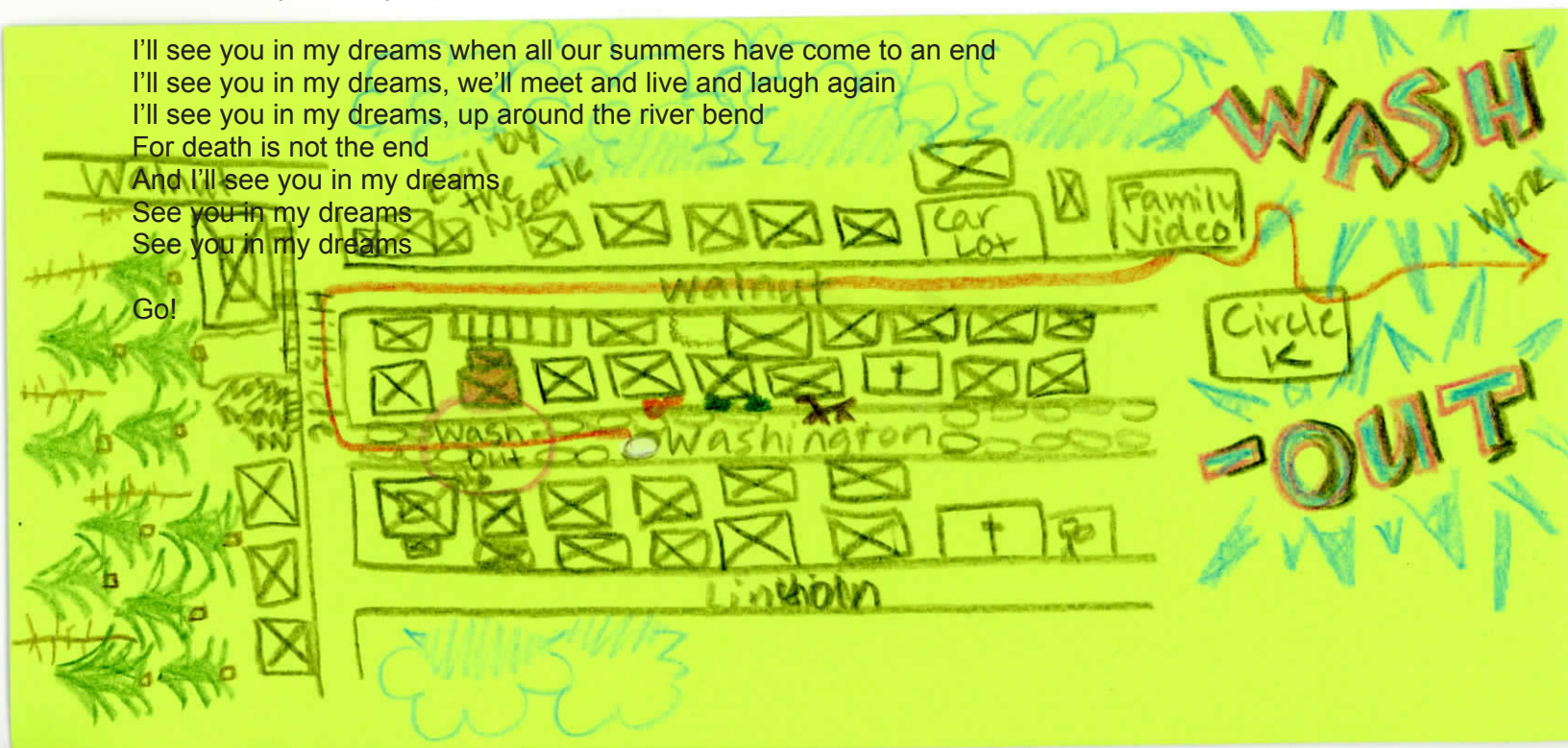
The road is long and seeming without end
The days go on, I remember you my friend
And though you're gone and my heart's been empty it seems
I'll see you in my dreams

I got your guitar here by the bed
All your favorite records and all the books that you read
And though my soul feels like it's been split at the seams
I'll see you in my dreams

I'll see you in my dreams when all our summers have come to an end
I'll see you in my dreams, we'll meet and live and laugh again
I'll see you in my dreams, up around the river bend
For death is not the end
And I'll see you in my dreams

I'll see you in my dreams when all our summers have come to an end
I'll see you in my dreams, we'll meet and live and laugh again
I'll see you in my dreams, up around the river bend
For death is not the end
And I'll see you in my dreams
See you in my dreams
See you in my dreams

Go!



Intermediate School 25

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Dear Oscar...

It's hard to find the words that describe your influence on my life, especially considering how we only became friends such a short time ago. But then again, the time you spend with someone doesn't always correlate to the way in which their presence or impact is felt.

Yours cut deep. Your presence was calm. It was steadfast in a year that was full of storms. It was inviting, attentive, intellectual, caring, and full. Yet at the same time, it was light and airy. Like a child having fun exploring the world around them for the first time, every time. A true creative in every sense. You were a consistent sigh of relief when academic life made us gasp for air, unable to pave a way forward or see the light ahead. And it always felt like you were exactly what we needed, when we needed it. At least that's how I saw you.

You created and held a space that allowed me to find my place in the design world, authentically. But then again that's exactly who you were, unapologetically authentic. And you gave others the feeling that they could be too. We didn't need to be anything than exactly who we were, and in our field, where art and design can be seen as a constant competition of what's next; you instead spoke passionately about collaboration, community, and togetherness. Better yet, you lived it. You helped water the deep-rooted seeds of my ideas with your encouragement and provided the supportive warmth that helped me grow beyond what I thought they could be; what I believed I could be. I'm forever indebted.

I still remember getting my job offer last winter. You were one of the first people I told, and your reaction was like a proud father. It meant everything to me. You see the thing was, I met you as a peer and was fortunate enough to have become your friend but throughout it all, you've always been an inspiration to me which is what made it so special. The way you carried yourself, your thirst for knowledge and creativity, and the intentional way you went about helping others, there are so many things I idolized about you. Your reaction wasn't just congratulatory, it was a recognition of the growth. Between all our conversations, your attentive feedback, the additional resources you would share; it all cumulated into this moment that we shared, and that you were such an integral part of. I should have expected it though, only the best people wear hi-top chucks all tied up. Positive vibes only.

One of the things I'm most grateful for is that I got to give you at least some of your flowers from time to time when we spoke. I hope you took it to heart. I wouldn't be where I am without you because your lessons and our conversations went beyond the classroom. They're in the way I think, how I approach problems, and everything in between.

In a way, it's like you're still here. Not physically but spiritually; educating, empowering, and supporting us. Your heart, mind, and soul are scattered within so many people whose lives you touched both personally and professionally. Your life has created ripples and will continue to inspire others through the love and memories you helped create and I am filled with so much gratitude knowing that you shared some of your passions, your teachings, and a small piece of yourself with me. I'll never forget it, my friend.

When I first met Oscar, I had been in the PhD for a year and had already finished my masters. When he came in, the students developed a mentorship program for the incoming students. I volunteered and Oscar was matched with me. At the time I felt like he looked up to me. He really tried to get my attention. He gave me a little Star Trek communicator toy after we talked about the show. Unfortunately, I was not in a mental space to be there for him, and I was not the mentor that he deserved at that time. I've always been ashamed of that. Looking back, I feel like we'd have both been better off if he had been mentoring me. I felt like over the last few years I've been making up for that failure. But I guess I've run out of time. My goal in life now is to live up to the person he saw in me.

He started Aling for me once I started teaching regularly. I remember one of the early classes he worked with me on, I went to his house to do final grading. I gave him an action figure that mixed together Macho Man Randy Savage and a He-Man character.

We were grading in front of a large window at the front of his house, and as usual, I was learning more from him about how to be a kind and careful instructor than he ever learned from me. Suddenly, he looks up and says 'hang on, my friend is here.' I looked up expecting to see a person, but instead, there was a squirrel sitting on the porch, peering into the window.

Oscar got up, grabbed a handful of walnuts, and took them outside for the squirrel. It waited patiently the entire time and ate the walnuts while we continued grading. Oscar had built an entire relationship with this squirrel.

The second to last time I saw him was after he received his Microsoft fellowship. I invited him over on Memorial Day to celebrate. I grilled burgers and hot dogs, and made guacamole. Upon trying it, he named me an honorary Latino person.

The guac recipe in question:

¼ cup red onion, diced
½ a jalapeño, diced
Handful of cilantro
Pinch of salt
Juice of half a lime
2 ripe avocados

Pound the onion, jalapeño and cilantro in a molcajete until a smooth paste. Add the peeled and halved avocado with the lime juice and pound or mix until smooth.

I spent a good portion of the day looking for a molcajete because I never had one before. Had to go to three stores to find one, but eventually landed it at Target. Well worth the trip.

He was Aling my second year of capstone class, and I had managed to get a project from Samsung for some of the students to do. Unfortunately, 20 students wanted to do the project,

and only 4 could do it. I tried to assign student who most needed the opportunity, but after assigning people, I discovered that one of them had a full-time offer already. A lot of students were upset and I had to say something. I wrote out a speech to give to the students on the next class day. But I needed to be sure it would make to situation better. There was only one person I could trust to help with that. Oscar.

I gave him to the overview of the speech and he gave me some notes, but more than that, he gave me confidence that it would help the students.

The last time I saw him, he invited me for breakfast at Runcible Spoon. When I got there, he had snagged my favorite table without realizing it. We talked about our future plans. I already had my new job and he was so excited for me. He told me about his plan to do his dissertation research in Guatemala. When we left he walked me to my car, and asked if he could give me a hug, and told me how much I meant to him. It was important to him not to leave things unsaid. I'm so grateful for that. That was July 30th, 2021.

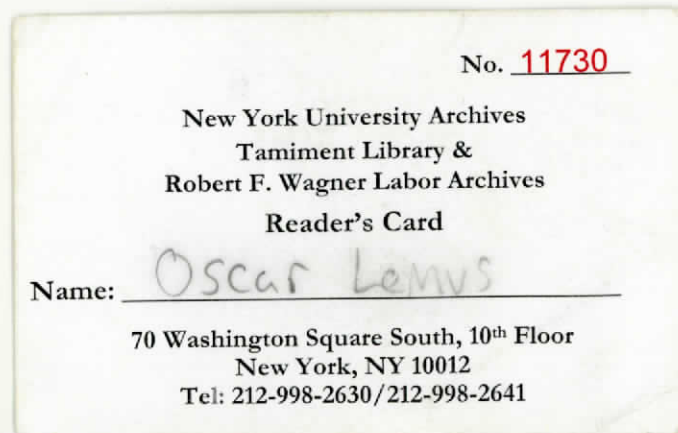
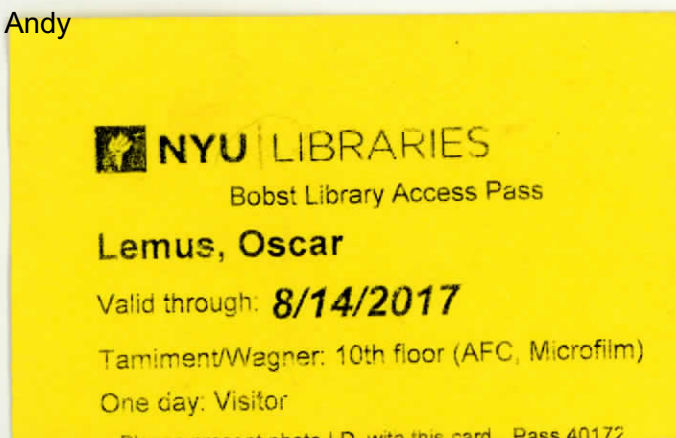
When the news started coming out that he was gone, I got a messenger call from my friend Natasha. I get those from time to time and without fail it's a misdial. Regardless, I was in a meeting at my new job so I didn't pick up. When the meeting was over, I messaged her asking if the call was a mistake. She said she wanted to make sure I was ok. I didn't understand. I hadn't checked my IU email in a week and would soon lose access anyway. She said something about Oscar and I immediately started up the account. The first message was from Nathan Ensmenger. I hoped it was just a bad accident. Maybe just in the hospital. But no. It was the worst thing imaginable. I spent the rest of the day trying to spread the news. Oscar deserved that.

He honestly deserved so much more from the world. I don't like the idea that people deserve things, or are owed them. But in a world that often rewards the cynical and calculating, Oscar was that rare person who just wanted to do good. He didn't just talk about it, he did it. He was a powerful force of good in the world, and he didn't get back what he deserved. But I'm sure that he would tell me: 'Nah man, it's not about what I deserve.'

But I'll say it Oscar. You deserved way more. From me, and from the world.

Love you, Oscar.

Andy



About a month ago Oscar and I drove to Chris's house together to transport some barrels for Katreen to use for gardening. After we dropped the barrels off I took him back to his house and that was where we said our goodbyes. I was moving in a matter of weeks and Oscar was just about to leave for Guatemala. He said, "this is probably the last time we'll see each other." I brushed him off and told him he was being dramatic, that I'd come and visit him as often as I could, he told me that although he'd miss me, he didn't want me to visit him. He wanted me to like my new life so much I wouldn't even want to come back, and he wanted me to keep busy doing great things and enjoying every moment. I listened but in my mind I thought to myself that I'd come back to see him no matter what sage advice he gave me. We hugged and parted ways that day. I'll always remember it. I was right though, that wasn't the last time we'd see each other. The last time we'd see each other was actually a day later when I saw him waving at me and grinning smugly from a Lime scooter zooming by me downtown. And honestly I think that was actually more emblematic of my time with Oscar here on earth.

-

Oscar, even in the short couple of years we knew each other you've left an enormous impact on my life, with your constant warmth and the laughs you gave me, the way you engaged with all of my interests and rambles and made me feel like they could never be unwelcome or inconsequential. Your music, the offerings of love you cooked for me overtime, the way you always saw something in me, even when I didn't. It all means more to me now than I can say.

I'll always treasure these endless small fragments of your wisdom and your kindness. How lucky I am that our paths managed to cross in these mixed up lives of ours. And I will work tirelessly growing and changing and evolving as a person until someday perhaps I can be as good as you.

Rest peacefully, Oscar.

A Letter to Masculinity

My whole life I have struggled to find the balance between emotional vulnerability and masculinity within my male friendships. That struggle continued right up until the final moments of Oscar Lemus's life. Oscar was the healthiest male relationship I've ever had in my twenty years on Earth, becoming someone I looked up to as a big brother and mentor. My biggest regret will always be that I never told him how much I appreciated and loved him. And now, I never will. To the men reading this, be vulnerable with your peers. Even if you get teased or ridiculed for it, DO IT. Even if they're your "bro", DO IT. Even if you think they already know, DO IT. If you don't, you might never get the chance too.

And to Oscar..., you have changed me. I fully embrace the parts of yourself that you gave to me and I will live with them the best I can for as long as I can. Every time I pick up three boxes of the latest Oreo x whatever collab, you are there. Every time a new sprout grows on my plants, you are there. Every time I pick up a camera, you are there. Every time I eat a bagel, every time I wear my Keith Haring shirt, every time I write on a post-it note, every time I light an incense, every time I play with Ruth, every time I dance, every time I laugh, every time I cry. You are not gone, you will never be, cause you are right here. I love you Oscar, forever.

- Zayn Boustani

Óscar

Durante estos últimos días he pensado mucho en todos los momentos que compartimos, es agradable para mí escribir sobre el cariño y la amistad tan bonita que fuimos construyendo. Pareciera que fue un pequeño momento el que la vida nos permitió encontrarnos, pero eso no define el cariño y la calidad del tiempo que compartimos. Fue como un regalo lindo porque nos transformaste la vida, como dice una canción que entendí en estos días; la vida no para, no espera, no avisa y así llegaste vos. Este año de conversar sobre nuestras ideas, nuestras ganas por aprender, por hacer que la investigación de la que nos hicimos parte fuera cada vez mejor, de reírnos, de hablar también sobre cómo nos sentíamos, nos permitió conocerte cada vez más y poder decir con certeza que vos eras una persona de las que cambian el mundo desde su práctica y desde sus resistencias, que siempre intentaba hacer las cosas bien, que luchaba por sus sueños. Tenías una capacidad muy bonita de hacernos sentir especiales y, sobre todo, una capacidad lindísima de compartir y darte al mundo, de compartir tus saberes, tus ideas, tus sueños y de querer que aprendiéramos de todo lo que vos ya sabías para hacernos un poquito más fácil el camino.

Recuerdo que estos días en los que nos vimos caminamos por todos lados y platicamos mucho y yo pensaba que vos eras una persona que sabía de tantas cosas, de fotografía, de arte, de música, en la academia a pesar de todo lo que sabías siempre estabas cuestionando los parámetros rígidos que son tan comunes en nuestra disciplina e inventando nuevas formas de hacer investigación, y que quería ser como vos algún día porque a pesar de todo eso, eras una persona tan sencilla y como muy pocas veces en la vida, siempre mostrabas un cariño y respeto sinceros por el trabajo que nosotros sabíamos hacer, siempre nos preguntabas qué pensábamos sobre cualquier pequeña cosa que fuéramos a hacer. He pensado como describir todo lo que sos y creo que tenías una humanidad y amor por la vida admirables Óscar. Gustavo y yo pensamos que fuiste un luzaso, como un rayo de luz que llegó a nuestra vida y aprendimos mucho de vos y con vos.

No hay palabras para describir tu partida Óscar, ha sido difícil estar a la distancia, estábamos muy emocionados por tu llegada, por los viajes, las cenas y tantas ideas que surgieron en nuestras pláticas, pero siempre vamos a tener en nuestras memorias un lugar a donde volver y ser felices cuando pensemos en vos. Estoy agradecidísima con la vida porque nos permitió conocerte y por coincidir.

Definitivamente hay presencias y ausencias que marcan el curso de nuestras vidas, y tu presencia la vamos a guardar siempre en nuestra memoria querido amigo. Tanto amor y palabras lindas que todos tenemos para vos son resultado de quién fuiste, de todo el amor y la ternura con el que creciste y que irradiabas al mundo.

Me parece muy gracioso compartir que en los últimos días que nos vimos me dijiste que por favor ya no te dejara decir “BRO” porque era muy newyorker jajaja pero creo que era algo tan de vos escucharte decir ¡Bro! **¡Te quiero mucho Óscar!**

Con profundo cariño,

Andrea Echeverría

For the past two months, I've been thinking a lot about my trip to Guatemala this fall. Not anymore. After all the mess of 2020-2021, I was looking forward to travel to Sololá with Óscar to write about the work Indigenous women are doing next to Lake Atitlán. The writing together, the planning and running workshops together, the talks on Zoom for no reason and the coming up with new projects: there is no together anymore.

In a meeting back in June, he offered some truly special words to me for no apparent reason. Not knowing I was having a hard time, his words lifted me up. As I come to know him through those who spent more time with him, I wonder if he figured I needed his kind words. Maybe he did. I think he did.

Last time I talked to him, we dreamed about what the world could do with the words and thoughts from Latin American thinkers. The unfairness of it all is that now, us in this world, won't have the privilege to hear more of what he had to say.

Farewell friend.

Peydro Reynolds-Cueller

He'd run in. A bit out of breath. A bit disheveled. But Oscar'd look at me and his eyes would be sparkling. "I found something!" He'd sit in the chair opposite my desk and excavate through his backpack for his notebook. He'd retrieve it and look up at me, pencil in hand and push up his glasses.

Oscar's enthusiasm, passion for his subject matter was so infectious. Most of the time, I had a hard time keeping up with his subject knowledge and his use of specific vocabulary. But I was fine with that. He knew he wanted to study the interface between humans and computers, to study the relationship we have with these (artificially?) intelligent objects. And even if I couldn't keep up with the computer speak, I could help him understand why humans do what they do, seek out what they seek out, and find meaning in their everyday lives. I worked with Oscar as his undergraduate thesis advisor. I mentored him to think wildly and then to write specifically.

I was so excited to see his career and life unfold, unsure of how he would find and make his own path. I will deeply miss Oscar, his electric mind and passionate heart. My heart goes out to his family and friends, and the world; we have lost such a wonderful soul.

~Katie Rose Hejtmanek, Brooklyn College, CUNY

Oscar Andrés,

I remember the first time that we saw each other. I don't remember the class — maybe it was one for Pat — but I do remember exactly what you were wearing. Black T-shirt, an open button down for those freezer-box classrooms, hat on backwards, w/ those glasses rimmed at the top that you had before flexing on us all with the grid-rimmed ones. You had your skateboard + your camera. I remember thinking "wow, this guy is so cool + chill. I wonder what he had to say".

During the ten-ish years that I knew you (what an honor, Alhamdulillah), you had lots to say. A man full of ideas, as full as his heart was overflowing with goodness. All of those days and nights, in the library, in James Hall, doing all-you-can-eat wings + beer at Coxleys, parks, and each other's houses, I never got tired of hearing about what you taught me. You taught me life, Oscar. You taught all of us life.

It has been about a month since you've departed this lifetime — but in so many ways, you are still here.

I hear your voice in my belly, in my bones, when I am rushing for no reason, telling me to chill out. I still hear your laugh in my heart, and believe it or not, it continues to carry me through my day. How many countless laughs, tears, hugs, and love we shared across four states, three countries.

Here's the thing, Oscar (let me at our inside joke): No words in English, Spanish, Igbo, Ki'che, could express my love and gratitude for you. Thank you for blessing me with your presence, friendship, love. Thank you for blessing all of us. I love you so, so much. I can't wait to sit with each other and talk for hours in the next life.

your love + friend forever,

Ash (bush) ☺

10/6/2021
Wednesday

In my memory, there's a moment when we're sitting alone at The Owlery in the window booth overlooking the square. It's the first time that I realize how cheap a pitcher of PBR is, and of course it's you who pointed it out to me when you suggest it as our next round.

This must be summer, because the sun hasn't left, but we've been hanging out "all" evening. The summer's long sun makes it feel like we're granted two evenings a day. Some of my best memories are spending such evenings together. The kind where you don't want the evening to become night.

One such happened for me in the summer of 2019. Serendipitously both of us happen to be free enough to see each other. We end up at a non-descript, plain office space where someone is throwing a pre art-walk party. There's iced bottles of wine in styrofoam, and there is cheese and meats from Fresh Thyme. I'm sipping kombucha out of one of those giant glass bottles and you find this hilarious. Before we leave for the art I decide I want to pour some beer into the bottle so that I can drink in public.

"Yo, I'm dead!" you say cracking up. You begin calling me Kombucha Boy. "yo Kombucha Boy, give me some bars!"

After looking at art and running into people we know through people we kind of know we end up at the Owlery. I don't know half the people at the table, but I'm already imagining us all becoming a friend circle together. Things felt special. I still look back fondly at this apex point: that night you kept calling me Kombucha Boy and told me to pose like this or that holding my bottle. That night I met all these random people who would become my local friends.

With you, I've never felt rushed. I never felt like I had to see you quickly. With some people I am anxious to share some good news or something with them to prove myself. It's hard to explain. But with you, I always knew the next time we linked up was going to be so much fun, that I would come out of it feeling so supported. So championed. Feeling like the dopest mother fucker. That's the kind of dude you were. Such feel-good guarantees awaiting left a warm spot in my heart for you, like I knew I could always come to you.

But what happens when you know you can always go to someone? When you know their hands are always open? Often I don't go. I've recognized this in the past month. To me, you've always symbolized the bloom. Opportunities and dreams. No matter how rough the winter, there was something good coming. Something to be grateful for. Just like that one evening in the summer with all those people, you've always been a sign of good things to come for me. I never would've thought of death coming so soon. I just never thought of grim and Oscar in the same sentence.

Some time after that summer evening, your mom and pop come to the Owlery for brunch with us. Trisha was there too! After that brunch everything made so much sense. I finally found the source of a lot of Oscar's swag. Your fam treats us and we smile about how the next time Trisha and I will be the ones treating ya'll. I remember your mom talking about how Time Square during New Years Eve stinks and we all laugh.

Trisha and I leave talking about how we can't wait to see your parents again. We talk about how boss your mom is and how gentle your pop is. I remember you texting me "my parents said you good people." I don't know why but that made me feel good. You were always making me feel good.

Maybe that's why we hung out more during my darkest days. Back when I needed that good feeling. I guess once my days became brighter I stopped needing so much of that championing. The Oscar talks that made me feel like a GOAT. I was in a good place, gaining clarity of where I was going. And I only assumed that you were feeling the same way.

I hope you were, man. I hope you were, bro. I can only hope because now it's too late for me to reach out.

-Kombucha Boy

How?
Supp. Project?
* Use G-Cat
↳ examples → Prod & Consum Design

* Exemplars
↳ Defeat notions
of non-know/sense from
Global South. (Door to Design for next billion)

ILLIRE
OF
Z.A. Techno
Poles

Dear Oscar,

The day you were born was the happiest day of my life. Holding you in my arms for the first time warmed my heart and filled it with an inexplicable feeling. That special feeling, I finally understood it, was love... love at first sight, and the kind of love that will never cease to exist.



Your first word, seeing you burst into dance every time we played music - and this was before you took your first steps (see? always a music lover), your first day of school, your graduations, the day you moved to Bloomington, your (almost) daily phone calls, hearing you say goodbye with an “I love you” always included... so many memories that I treasure and will keep with me forever. I can truly say that I’ve been blessed to have shared 32 years of my life with such an amazing human being.

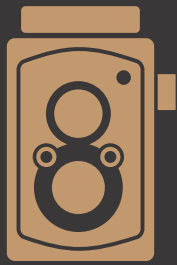
Do you remember when you asked me to take a photo of you with this red t-shirt? We were at my parents house, and that day we ended up having a photo shoot. This was very unusual because you loved to be behind the camera, not much in front of it. I remember your excitement when you got this vintage t-shirt with the logo of Chapulín Colorado, a not-your-typical superhero TV character. You liked to wear this superhero t-shirt, but to me, my real superhero is YOU for many reasons, and I always made sure to tell you this, and I will continue telling you every day.

Oscar, you left your mark on the world around you, and your light will keep on shining. I miss you so so much, and I will miss you every day until my very last breath.

I love you,

Mom

OSCAR



ANDRÉS

THE MAN OF A THOUSAND IDEAS

MI PRIMO ANDRÉS: DESDE CHIQUITA ME DICEN QUE MI FÍSICO, MI CORAZÓN Y MI FORMA DE ACTUAR ES COMO LA TUYA, POR ESO SIEMPRE TE HE DICHO MI GEMELO PERDIDO "TWIN", Y A PESAR DE QUE VIVÍAS LEJOS, ESE DETALLE DE SER TU TWIN ME MANTENÍA CONECTADA CONTIGO, ESCUCHANDO SIEMPRE HISTORIAS DE TUS OCURRENCIAS QUE NOS CONTABA LA ITA, NO SABES LA EMOCIÓN QUE SENTÍ AL FINAL CONOCERTE EN FÍSICO CUANDO LLEGASTE A GUATEMALA, SIEMPRE VOY A ESTAR ORGULLOSA DE SER TU TWIN, CADA MOMENTO QUE PASASTE CON NOSOTRAS, CADA SEGUNDO QUE PASABAS Y ME TOCABAS LA CABEZA CON CARÍÑO. CADA SEGUNDO AQUÍ EN GUATEMALA TENIÉNDOTE COMO UN HERMANO, ME RECUERDO QUE CUANDO TE FUISTE TE DI UN GRAN ABRAZO Y TE DIJE QUE CONTARÍA LOS DÍAS PARA VERTERTE DE NUEVO... YA DEJÉ DE CONTAR YA QUE ESTÁS AL LADO DE TODOS NOSOTROS, ACOMPAÑÁNDONOS, Y SÉ QUE DESDE UN LUGAR MUY BONITO PENDIENTE DE MI VOZ ESTÁS, Y TE DEJARÉ ESCUCHARLA.



to gear



Full bright

2019/

2024

2024

App TV
Content fieldwork

Assistant
prod
Building & caring
for STS Networks
in LATAM focused
on Design & Knowledge

Collaborations
are happening
& being
cultivated
(Special
issues/group)

FUTURE
PROJECTS

Fwd: [External] Associate professor in Human-Centered Computing at University of Copenhagen

 **Oscar Lemus** <olemus@iu.edu>
to me ▾
Passing this along.

----- Forwarded message -----

Fwd: [External] {Red eSCTS} Call for Papers The 10th Tensions of Europe Conference Aarhus University, Denmark 6–8 July 2022.

 **Oscar Lemus** <olemus@iu.edu>
to me ▾
This is so youuuu.

Oscar

Fwd: ICT4S Digest, Vol 67, Issue 2

 **Oscar Lemus** <olemus@iu.edu>
to chrimile ▾
Amigo,

Check this job posting!

Best,
Oscar

←  coldact.exe
Nov 16, 6:24 PM
Reacted to your story
Aug 13, 8:04 PM

 wearelivinginthefuture

Wednesday, June 20, 1973

The computer crime wave

There is a science fiction fantasy making the rounds these days about a computer disease. So far it hasn't come true—maybe it never will—but it is the most and wildest thing I have ever heard of.

—And the funny thing is, it's not a disease which it runs for cash. A (and Equity bankruptcy). What worst most is that it may never.

wearelivinginthefuture A while back, I got into reading old news articles about ...

←  Oscar Mobile
Checking in! You coming today?
Shit did we have plans today?
No but I always assume we have work Friday 🤔
Isn't it thursday
Welcome to come by as usual 🤔
Omggg I'm a day ahead lmao
Yes
LOL
You are right it's tmw haha
Well, healthy reminder LOL

←  Oscar Mobile
Copy, she's about to come pick me up. Woot
9/28/20 8:34 PM
Yo, which starlite drive in were you looking at? I dont see the wed show, or any of those movies!
Omg it's gone!!

That is the most insane emoji i have ever seen

←  Oscar Mobile

Since we couldn't hang out... this is my memory of you. #twoheartdale
8/1/21 6:32 PM
Aw mannn so you are leaving tomorrow?
I have an article deadline tonight, lmk if youre still out later?

some words that say some things about these pictures of Oscar_s proof.rtf

Hi. Here are a very few artifacts of our friendship, forever dope. Just some sparks of mica in the whole water. I like them for different reasons. 1 - 4 are little notes of something that I experienced (desiccant placeholder word) throughout the time I have known Oscar, a cipher in sum of something specific innate and essential about him I understood from my precious little purchase - the way he held others in his thoughts in an observably effortless, permanent way. These are a fraction of these emails he sent to me, just because they reminded him of something that he thought I might care about.

This is exactly the same spirit of generosity as his invitations to get together and work every Friday last fall, the Fall of 2020, a dark, stupid, splintered, putrefying time for me, surprise unemployed a week before employment was supposed to start, bleeding away all the money I'd managed to save in my life, completely alone 5 days of the week, making passionless antiprogess on my dissertation/doctorate, the reason for 9 different kinds of poverty. His invitations were a lifeline to both the being together that even I, in my crustaceous little hermitage, was starting to feel the void of in a visceral and jarring but only semiconscious way, a kind of creeping dehydration of self as friendship as a felt, real, but unnamed thing, as well as to the seriously decaying sense of hope in ever getting out from under this yoke, for even caring about it or what things that represented. We had a conversation one of those nights that shocked me into self esteem with unlooked for unasked for unexpected kindness and just, plain old generous fucking sincerity, that I will never forget. Motherfucker gassed me up like Gandalf wizardslapping the old off Theoden's face, lines of care smoothed away on my soul meats that have not returned.

The three screenshots of texts are traces of something of that person as I knew him. Especially the one about Thursday. I only found out in the days just before he was leaving town that he was, and I'm going to have to make peace with the fact that I missed my last chance to see my friend, to see him off and wish him well, because of "a deadline". And despite it he still, sweetly, sent me an honorary pint, one I should have been there to buy him, of a beer he told me I introduced him to, that he said always reminded him of me; one that will now always be a drink I drink to him, a memento and token in of honor and regret. Also, I still think that is one of the most insane emojis I have ever unexpectedly seen. It Still Does Not Feel Real In Any Way Of That Word To Say I Miss You How That Now Means.

Love you buddy.
Your friend Chris

As I sit in Heaven and watch you every day
I try to let you know with signs, I never went away.
I hear you when you're laughing, and watch you as you sleep
I even place my arms around you to calm you as you weep.
I see you wish the days away, begging to have me home.
So I try to send you signs so you know you are not alone.
Don't feel guilty that you have life that was denied to me.
Heaven is truly beautiful, just you wait and see.
So live your life, laugh again, enjoy yourself, be free.
Then I know with every breath you take,
You'll be taking one for me.

Rest In Peace
my beloved friend.

- ANGELO
S E
SHEENA

Dulces como yo

DONITAS

TRADICIONALES _____ Q 12.00
 * VAINILLA GUATEMALTECA
 * ROSA DE JAMAICA
 * DULCE DE LECHE Y ALMENDRA
 * COCO TOSTADO
 * LIMÓN CON AMAPOLA
 * CANILLITA DE LECHE
 * TAMARINDO
 * S'MORES

RELLENAS _____ Q 15.00
 * ALFAJOR
 * MARACUYA
 * NUTELLA
 * PB & J

GALETAS

LA NEGRA _____ Q 22.00
 CHISPAS DE CHOCOLATE

LA BLANCA _____ Q 22.00
 CHOCO BLANCO, MACADAMIA Y
 ZUCCARITAS

MISCELÁNEOS

DEDITOS DE MANZANA
 MANZANA CON MANTEQUILLA DE MANÍ
 Y CANELA _____ Q 14.00

NUTELLITA
 TOSTADA INTEGRAL CON NUTELLA Y
 FRESAS O BANANO _____ Q 18.00

BRUNCH SÁBADOS Y DOMINGOS

DONUT FRENCH TOAST
 SERVIDO CON MIEL DE BOURBON Y
 PECANAS _____ Q 24.00

LA ESQUINA
 EL MERCADITO DEL BARBDO

MALTERDAS

BOMBA
 HELADO DE CHOCOLATE, NUTELLA,
 TURRÓN DE MARSHMALLOW
 Y BROWNIE _____ Q 30.00

BANANA FOSTER
 HELADO DE VAINILLA, BANANO, SALSA DE
 CARAMELO _____ Q 30.00

CHEESECAKE
 HELADOS DE FRESA Y VAINILLA, SALSA
 DE MORA, TROZOS DE
 CHEESECAKE _____ Q 30.00

DULCE DE LECHE
 HELADO VAINILLA Y
 CARAMELO _____ Q 30.00

COCA FLOAT
 VAINILLA Y COCA COLA _____ Q 20.00

CAFE O TÉ

CAFE _____ Q 14.00
 ESPRESSO _____ Q 14.00
 AMERICANO _____ Q 16.00
 MACCHIATO _____ Q 16.00
 CORTADO _____ Q 20.00
 CAPPUCCINO _____ Q 20.00
 LATTE _____ Q 20.00
 COLD BREW _____ Q 20.00
 ICED LATTE _____ Q 20.00

TE'S
 SELECCIÓN PACHAMAMA _____ Q 16.00
 CHAI LATTE _____ Q 22.00
 MATCHA LATTE _____ Q 24.00
 CHAI ICED LATTE _____ Q 26.00
 MATCHA ICED LATTE _____ Q 28.00

PAI' FRÍO

ARROZ CON LECHE _____ Q 22.00
 ATOL DE ELOTE _____ Q 22.00
 CHOCOLATE CALIENTE/FRÍO _____ Q 22.00
 + Zecapa y Crema Batida _____ Q 28.00

PARA TU CHUCHO...
 "WOOFINI" GALLETAS CON SALSA DE
 MANTEQUILLA DE MANÍ Y CREMA
 VAINILLA _____ Q 14.00
 GALLETAS DE ZANAHORIA _____ Q 12.00

PREAMBLE TO THE ZINE LIBRARIANS CODE OF ETHICS

We, the community of zine librarians
 and archivists believe that, because...

zines are often produced by members
 of marginalized communities,

we strive to respectfully engage with
 and represent those communities,

librarians/archivists are often part of
 the communities that make/read zines,

the material itself, so beautifully and
 wonderfully varied, is often weird, ephemeral,
 magical, dangerous, and emotional, and because

we reject the myth of library/archival
 'neutrality', therefore

we want to be accountable to our users,
 our institutions, our authors, donors,
 and communities.

(<http://zinelibraries.info/wordpress/wp-content/uploads/2015/11/EthicsZine-rev-20151105.pdf>)

530 E Kirkwood Blvd
 Bloomington, IN 47401
 (812) 333-7380
 * Paid
 Tax: \$0.63
 Subtotal: \$9.67
 Amount: \$10.30
 Edit Card: \$0.30
 10/12 PM

May 2017

Dear You,

Welcome to the *Shared Authority: Zine Union Catalog for Beginners* zine. If you are reading this, there is a good chance we figured out how to upload, expose, and style zine catalog records from a couple few libraries in a Collective Access database. Yay us!

We've made this little zine to accompany our project launch and serve as a handy, informative keepsake. Like metadata? Here's some about this zine, shared as a xZINECOREx record (selected fields)

Title	<i>Shared Authority: Zine Union Catalog for Beginners</i>
Creator(s)	Jenna Freedman, Lauren Kehoe, Martí Massana Ferre, and Aleksandr Segal
Content description/notes	Made for MALS Digital Praxis Seminar (MALS 75500) Spring 2017 at the CUNY Grad Center
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Coverage (place of publication)	New York, NY
See also	xZINECOREx: an Introduction, Zine Librarians Code of Ethics, Zine Librarian Zine #1-3
Rights (freedoms and restrictions)	Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International Free Culture License

Thanks for reading! Feedback encouraged: zinecatproject@gmail.com

LA FIGURA

DESAYUNO IA TODA HORA!

YOGHURT DE COCO
CON TOPPING DE FRUTA, MIEL, GLUTEN-FREE GRANOLA
Y SUPERFOOD MIX Q 38.00

ACAI BOWL
ACAI BOWL CON TOPPING DE FRUTA, GRANOLA
GLUTEN-FREE, CACAO NIBS Y
SUPERFOOD MIX Q 45.00

CROISSANT DE HUEVO
HUEVO, QUESO, TOCINO, AGUACATE Y
MAYONESA CHIPOTLE Q 42.00

AGUACATE, ACEITE DE OLIVA, LIMÓN, PEPERONCINI
(CON HUEVO QO) Q 24.00

YOGHURT DE CABRA
CON TOPPING DE FRUTA, MIEL, GLUTEN-FREE GRANOLA
Y SUPERFOOD MIX Q 42.00

YOGHURT DE CABRA
CON TOPPING DE FRUTA, MIEL, GLUTEN-FREE GRANOLA
Y SUPERFOOD MIX Q 42.00

PLAOS VERDES

LA VERDE
ARUGULA, POLLO, AGUACATE, BROCCOLI, FRESAS, PECANAS,
QUESO PANELA Y VINAGRETA ORIENTAL Q 46.00

QUESO PANELA Y VINAGRETA ORIENTAL Q 42.00

SMOOTHIES

BERRY MARY
FRESAS, BLUEBERRIES, BANANO Y
LECHE DE ALMENDRA

SUPER MANI
MANTEQUILLA DE MANI, BANANO Y
LECHE DE COCO

POPEYE
AGUACATE, ESPINACA, PIÑA Y
JUGO DE NARANJA

FREE SPIRIT
MANZANA VERDE, BANANO, ESPINACA Y
LECHE DE ALMENDRA

JUGUITOS
NATURALES

NARANJA
PIÑA

CON AGUA O LECHE?

DETOX
KALE, MANZANA VERDE, PEREJIL, LIMÓN
Y JENGIBRE

ABC
MANZANA VERDE, REMOLACHA, ZANAHORIA
Y JENGIBRE

DULCE BARRIO
MANZANA, NARANJA, PIÑA Y SANDÍA

SI SOS PATOJO

SMOOTHIE O LICUADO TAMAÑO PEQUE Q 14
PB&J Q 18

CHOOSE



ADVICE

UR OWN



NTURE

WE MADE YOU COOKIES! A HEADLESS MAN. WE ATE HIS HEAD. AND A BOOB. UHH! ALSO WE NEED TO GET YOU A KITE SO WE CAN GO KITE RUNNING!!!
MIAAAAAA!!! How WAS MOUTH!!! How ARE YOU!!!

OSCAR. A. LEMUS

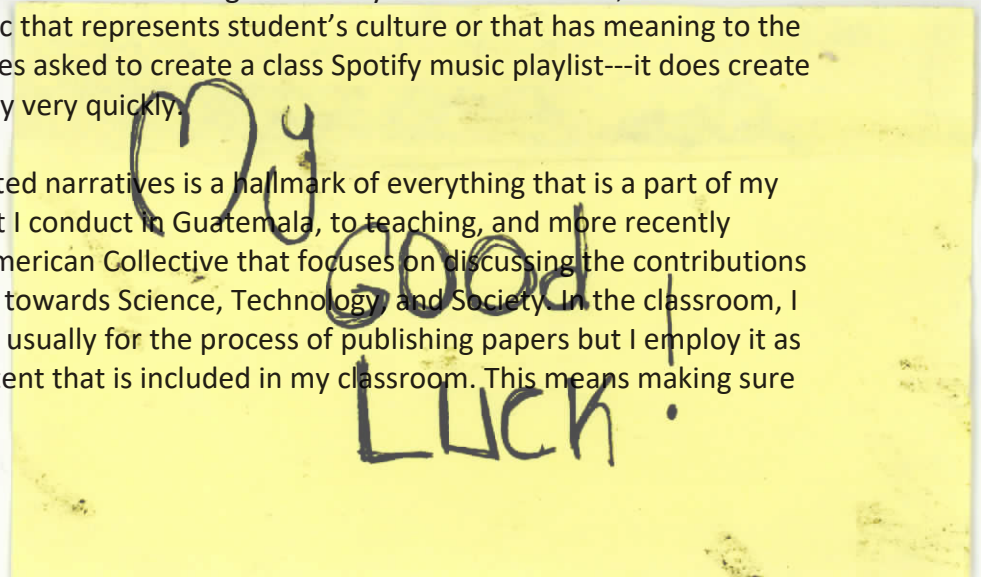
Diversity Statement – Oscar Lemus 2020

New York City taught me the importance of cultural exchange—long-term friendships were built through collective experiences ranging from sharing food, art, and narratives. As a first-generation immigrant the experience taught me the everyday life struggles of diverse communities, for example, gentrification, house/food insecurity, mobility inequality and many others. A secondary but equally important component developed through this viewpoint is the importance of narratives and contributions by underrepresented groups—many who are often rendered invisible both in academe and in the everyday world. One thing that is certain is how foundational collective experiences, cultural exchange, and the multiplicity of underrepresented narratives are within the college classroom and within my personal life. As an underrepresented graduate student at Indiana University- Bloomington, and undergraduate student at the City University of New York – Brooklyn and Queensboro Community College, I greatly benefited from programs, initiatives, and communities that included some of these very same ideals; it is my goal to continue that promise as I educate and engage with the next college generation.

Engaging in difficult and uncomfortable topics is one approach to build both community and self-reflection within a collective. Certain topics such as race, class, and gender are ordinary topics discussed amongst folks of color and their allies. However, these topics may very well be unfamiliar to other people. Familiarizing these topics through open-conversation and ground rules that as a basis use respect and empathy is one approach to creating a sharing environment where it brings people together, rather than divides them. From day one and throughout the semester the classroom is in discussion as a community rather than one focused on learning via repetition; also, my approach is to engage in an activity where we co-design ground-rules for *this* community. We also co-design each of the assignment rubrics. Bringing people together goes beyond conversation, it takes active collaboration. The classroom is a space that can be molded to better reflect community-building practices via conversation, collaboration, and shared respect.

To create community, I engage in developing a space that is conducive to cultural exchange, too. Cultural exchange means sharing the favorite things of our own culture, both locally and/or internationally. Music, for example, is played during the first two minutes of class time, while students reflect and practice mindfulness. The songs are always student sourced; we specifically focus on playing music that represents student's culture or that has meaning to the student. Students have themselves asked to create a class Spotify music playlist---it does create a sense of trust and of community very quickly.

Shining a light on underrepresented narratives is a hallmark of everything that is a part of my every day, from the research that I conduct in Guatemala, to teaching, and more recently writing a series for the Central American Collective that focuses on discussing the contributions of scholars from Central America towards Science, Technology, and Society. In the classroom, I employ the [#Graytest](#), this test is usually for the process of publishing papers but I employ it as a driver for the theories and content that is included in my classroom. This means making sure



that the readings within my syllabus include non-binary people, womxn of color, latinx people, as well as histories related to gender & technology and race & technology. When we engage with these works, it sparks conversation about social inequities but also on moments of joy—where we focus on contributions, music, and so on.

It is my goal to continue fostering the ideals that New York City and the public education system have endowed upon me. My job as a scholar, citizen, and human is to dedicate effort towards creating communities of care but also of shared experience.

Do they?
How do tech objects
+ services allow/not allow
the identity of the entrepreneur
to awaken?
↳ in what ways? (use, consent)

Done 05; ID Board.
① Do objects
shape identity
boundaries?
② What aspects allow the
shaping? (features, personalities?)

In what ways do things
(tech defined by egoism)
shape the entrepreneurial
mind/imagination?
essential
question

Life is a

bunch of

Trade off's

What if

Your wallet did not let you buy anything not on your budget list

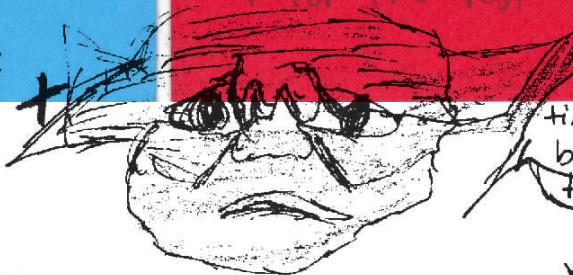
You always make a

Decision



wallet does not open unless you go on your phone and say what your spending the money on. Once the Checklist is complete, wallet will open up for the rest of the day

322211



The master has failed more times than the beginner has even tried

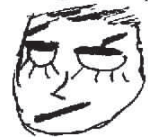
The answer to how?

is... **YES**

Doubt x anxiety = 1?!

get for what matters

"1st things first" (Boo)



work will have the last laugh

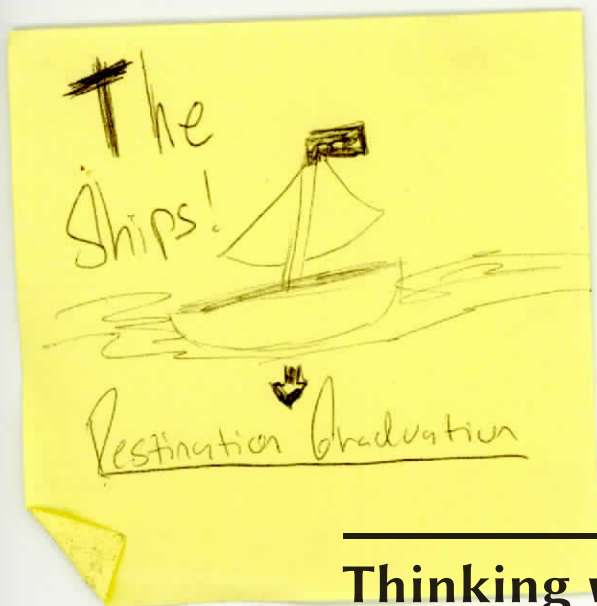
- Q1 = 3
- Q2 = 1
- Q3 = 0
- Q4 = 3
- Q5 = 3
- Q6 = 1
- Q7 = 0
- Q8 = 2
- Q9 = 2
- Q10 = 2.5
- 11 = 2



Urgent & Important	Not Urgent & Important
Urgent & not important	Not Urgent & not important

- Q11 = 1
- Q12 = 0 = 24
- Q13 = 4
- Q14 = 0

"Life is a Bunch of Trade off's"



Thinking *with* and *through* the Archive: An e

Thinking *with* and *through* the Archive: An exercise in Being Photo-Visual with Women Street Vendors in Guatemala City, Guatemala

O. A. Lemus

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ABSTRACT

The making and collecting of visual artifacts, like photographs, are accepted method components in CSCW and HCI. Yet, visual artifacts of historical nature are not valued as contributors in our methodological tool box, neither is equal significance given to the visual quality, written aspects, and situated knowledge of participants. I propose a method that engages with historical context and photographs from the past for the creation of a photo-visual essay. I present a case study that uses the knowledge of women street vendors in Guatemala City, Guatemala to write the essay.

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Computer-Supported Cooperative Work, November 9th-13th 2019, Austin, Texas, Los Angeles, CA, USA

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<https://doi.org/10.1145/3306307.3328180>

KEYWORDS

pictorials, historical methods, visual archives, latin america, guatemala, everyday technologies, street vendors

ACM Reference Format:

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INTRODUCTION

The combined value of photographs and the perspective of Latin American (LATAM) women in post-conflict settings has not been granted enough attention. A group of scholars in CSCW and HCI recognize the value of the past to diversify how we engage and think about design work and participant histories [3][2]. More recently, visual media artifacts were utilized as key components to probe how the past can best inform design [10] Visual probes and photographs are part of CSCW and HCI methodology, often in the form of elicitation devices [6], activity components of a cultural probe for participants[5]. However, the quality and making of the visual elements is not their primary goal, neither is an equal level of importance given to both the visual and the written aspects.

Blevis [1] has proposed the visual and the written to be equal in nature as an engagement with *being photo-visual* to produce design knowledge. I build on the contributions of [1, 10] and argue for the inclusion of photographic historical artifacts as a form of participatory engagement with Latin American women's knowledge and history. A visual historical artifact is an evocative object [turkle], it elicits emotions, thoughts, and perhaps nostalgia when we analyzed. Visual historical artifacts can later be complemented with present-day photographs to evoke and collect narratives of diverging nature. The act of gathering, curating, and selecting archival images on the one hand can be a method to foster historical research in CSCW and HCI, and on the other, a tool for generating spatio-temporal narratives. Importantly, it holds potential for challenging narratives that privilege design transfer flows from the north to Latin America.

BEING PHOTO VISUAL AND HISTORICAL

I present a case study vignette of a woman street vendor in Guatemala City, Guatemala which I carried out in summer of 2019 as part of a larger ethnographic study. The study explores the meaning of work of women street vendors and their use and experience with everyday technologies and infrastructures in post-conflict Guatemala. This Street vendor was recruited via the deployment of a twelve question in-person survey on the streets of Guatemala. A local team of four undergraduate students helped me gain access to women street vendors.



Figure 1: El Vendedor de Manzanas | The Apple Seller. Photograph by Archivo Sergio Cruz Foto-rex [Public domain], via Wikimedia Commons.

Historical context and information leads for this study were gathered by engaging with history books such as [9] and [4] and with the participant's geographical vending location. Through books and participant's knowledge I learned about the history of a site of commerce in Guatemala City; Zona 1. The books provided key years, geographical locations, and other information as starting points to gather historical visual artifacts and to engage in making photographs across Guatemala City. Historical Visual artifacts were acquired with the help of Photographer Sergio Cruz, owner of Archivo Foto-Rex in Guatemala City; specific artifacts were chosen due to their relationship with my historical data and their photographic quality. This activity asks the participants to engage in describing the photographs shown to them and giving the piece a title, in the mean time the research takes notes, these notes are later used to write the photo-visual essay.

WOMEN STREET VENDORS IN GUATEMALA CITY

Visual Description

Fig. 1, titled *Vendedor de Manzanas/ Apple Seller* is an example of everyday life in 1970s Guatemala Zona 1 (Zone 1) was known for imported luxury goods and national ones, too, during this decade. In day-time hours it was not uncommon to see people walking in the street; towards dawn the display above shops adorned the night with bright neon lights. In this image, the focus of the photograph can be inferred the woman in the photograph and two children (a young boy and a teenage girl). The left of the photograph, next to the group of people walking shows a box can be described as a makeshift apple stand with the slogan "The World's Finest Apples" by the Washington company. Behind the food stand is perhaps the vendor, to his right is a "canasto" (a weaved basket), the vendor seems to be organizing something, maybe his fruit. The front left of the photograph seems to be what looks like an iron cart with more apples; the apples are stacked much higher than the ones in front of him are. It is unknown if he owns both stands. There is another small vending section with nuts and other snacks to the front right of this image. The sidewalk is narrow, and even more with the vending carts/boxes.

Vendedor de Manzana

From one perspective Fig.1 asks the viewer to engage with the following questions: * 1. How can we challenge the way we think about the use of everyday objects in street vending from the view of those who engage in it? * 2. How are narratives of modernity and development embedded in design? * 3. How are flows of design and use between the periphery and the center?

The white box that is present in this image in the center left part reads "The World's Finest Apples", this is a box from Washington state; the box and logo is rooted in history via the the commission of apples in the same state. This cardboard box has a secondary affordance for the street vendor. If

we examine how the box is being used within the photograph vs how it was designed to be used by people in Washington state, the box has multiple use. It is more than a way to transport the product from global north to global south. The object is now embedded with its own local context and affordances. The box also has an affordance of *presentation* for the vending site. The fresh apples and the box work in conjunction to achieve vending presentation. This is evident the height at which the box is being held. It is almost at waist-level. It presents the apples closer to people walking by. There is a woven basket behind this box. The basket is also a formidable object to present the apples. It has the same affordances as the box. But the seller for one reason or another might view the box and the visibility of the logo as better for presentation. This vendor uses these sorts of boxes to present the apples as fresh and perhaps to move around more quickly. Street vending in this photograph is in some ways different from present day Guatemala City, carts that currently sell food or fruits are made of wood and are adorned with bright colors and well-made lettering by local people. These carts also have a space that is utilized to place the fresh fruit.

It is usual, at least for designers from the north engaged in the global south to view everyday street objects as unchanging, creative artifacts of maintenance and repair. The box as an everyday technology has one context when leaving the farms of Washington, to carry the product to reach their consumer. However, in Guatemala this context changes, the box serves multiple purposes for its end-user, the street vendor, who now has created a different use to serve their own needs. The use and design of this specific box also poses the question of decades-long north to south development and modernity economic projects. The use and design of this specific box helps us to critically question the history of north-south design transfer and changing use contexts.

They appropriating objects in a different way. They don't use the object in the way that it was designed, but rather re-interpret it in their local context. They use the western objects to signal value. To suggest that it is better because it is modern. This suggests that a greater value is placed on objects that are perceived as modern because of their western aesthetic, and origin. Interrogating the history of how everyday objects from the north have and continue to be used in a local context is one way of challenging notions of north-south design and affordance flows, one way to place greater importance on narratives about how everyday technologies are used rather than invented. This photograph and the collaborator's contribution challenges the notion that the global south is not a site of Imported Magic [8] or "passive recipients or follower" [8]. This is an invitation to distill the historical flows of design and its local uses, what [7] calls for in regards to post-colonial computing and design work "*engagement, articulation, and translation*.". I believe this method is one approach to further this cause.

DISCUSSION

Now I turn to recommendations for how to perform the method and discuss the selection and curation of photographs and participant involvement in interpretation.

The
Process of Whiting
is Like seeing
a seed making
the tree

REFLECTIVE
PRACTICE
[WRITING]

Selecting Photographs

Thinking *with* and *through* the Archi

Researchers first engage with the historical context of their research question by learning from written works found in books, newspaper articles, and/or journals; this may include works in the field of History, The History of Technology, newspaper archives, and others. These fields are particularly salient to fostering historical research in CSCW/HCI, these fields more than often contain narratives particularly or peripherally interested in computing, culture and society [please see Beyond Imported for an example of topical flows between the History of Technology and History from the region of L@tin @merica].

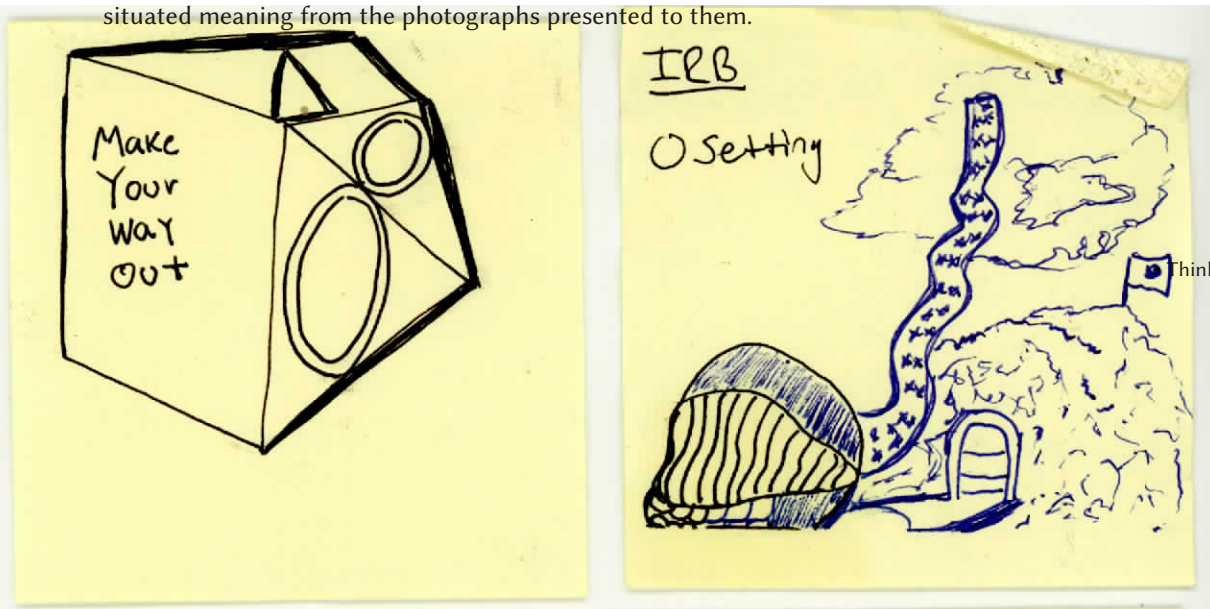
Researchers seek photographs from the past that fit the time frames and population they are studying. Researchers should attempt to stray away from images within newspaper articles and advertisements as sources of visual elements. The organization of both the image and the written parts of advertisements and articles are composed in a form that already includes a narrative, in some ways more pronounced than a candid street photograph would; it is difficult to translate meaning when words and prices are present across the page spread. Particularly, we strive to acquire meaning from the visual aspect of photographs by the participant themselves, rather than from advertisements or news articles. One way to overcome this is by obtaining images from photographic archives where the creator of the image is either a photographer or everyday citizen.

Curating and Evaluating Visual Materials

Curating acquired visual artifacts is a form of evaluating quality and historical context; images with high photographic visual quality and historical context have priority. The researcher should strive to curate ten to fifteen images from each of the sets of acquired visuals, for example: ten photographs of historical value and ten made by the researcher. Categorization of the images may be carried out in the form of geographical location and objects and/or technologies evident in the image and so on. The researcher should try their best to not pick photographs where the object is the main visual component, this is a form of visual ethnography, different from photography.

Involving Local Knowledge Producers

Participants need to be involved in the interpretation process. They are no longer participants but also collaborators and co-interpreters. Thus, researchers should find informants that best represent the population and geographical location under study [see, james spradley for what makes a good informat]. I discern the validity of participants historical knowledge and visual intellect to attain situated meaning from the photographs presented to them.



Thinking *with* and *through* the /

CONCLUSION

This method and case study broadens discussions on how we can carry out an in-the-field collaborative method granting equal emphasis to the historical, visual quality, and written aspects of research. The proposed contribution of this method situates itself in the collaboration of diverse materials and knowledge for the generation of a photo-visual essay; this recognizes historical context and its materials as contributors to research in HCI and CSCW. As proposed by [Blevis], this method builds on the equal value of the visual and the written, but chooses to also give equal importance to the visual artifacts of the past and present while seeking collaboration from those whose lived experiences we write about. In this specific case-study the photo-visual essay led to challenging northern narratives on believed uses of mundane objects, artifacts made in the north and transported to be sold in the global south.

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Greetings from...

FLUSH

2021



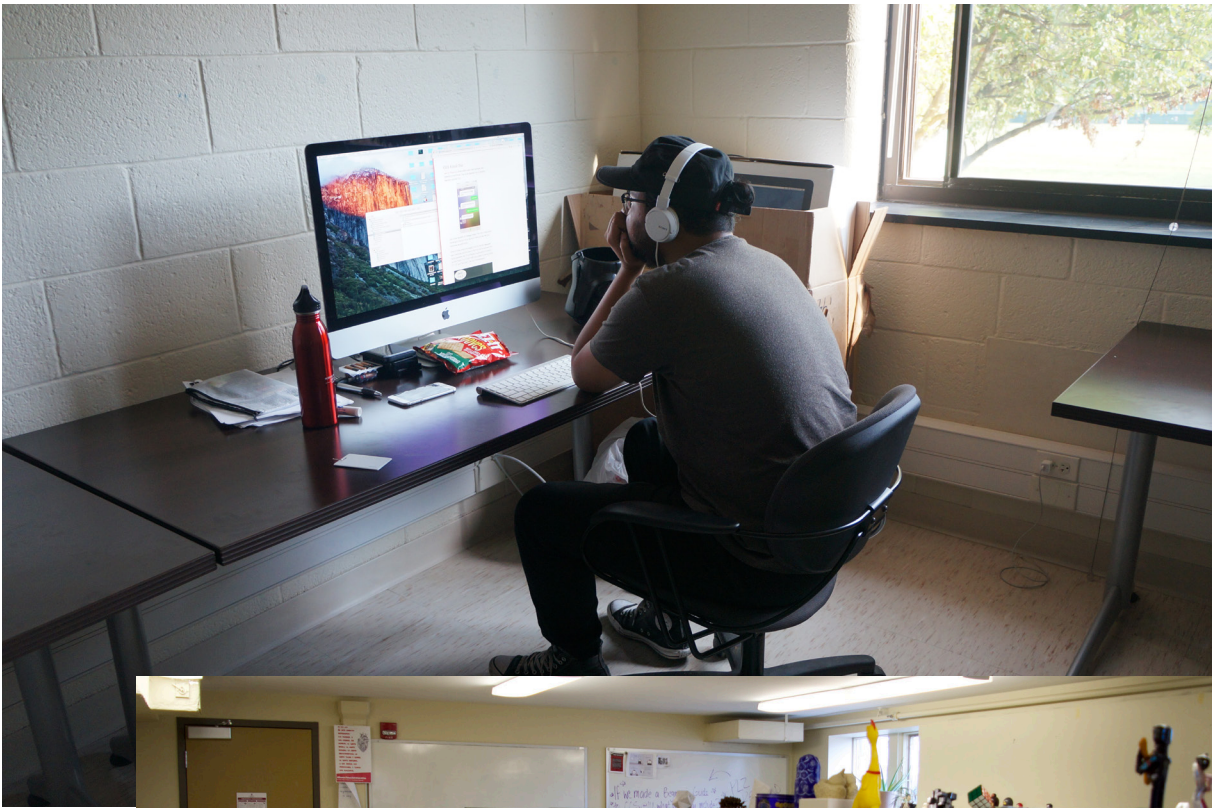
ENKES



10-04-2019_Photo Walk photos: In the Fall semester, Oscar, Ankita (HCI MS student) enjoyed meeting on a weekly basis to talk about photography. Those early meetings served as an opportunity for Oscar to share his thoughts, readings, while making connections to his interests in photography. During one of our meetings, we took a photo walk around Bloomington and these photos show Oscar using his film camera to snap photos. I fondly remember Oscar and Ankita being preoccupied by the beautiful lighting that they spent the entire photowalk taking portraits and remarking how perfect the lighting was. At the end of our walk, Ankita took a photo of us in front of my apartment building.



Photo Captions
Taken by Patrycja Zdziarska
(Informatics PhD Student)
and Ankita Tapadia (HCI/d MS
student, class of 2020).



02-04-2021_Oscar's Desk: Oscar's desk in the basement of Informatics filled with inspirational books and artifacts accumulated over the years.

Oscar's first PhD Desk: Image captured sometime in 2016 when Oscar's office was on the first floor of the Myles Brand Building. We can see Oscar hard at work on a design project.







Ruth Cowan

Ph.D Johns Hopkins

Students: Wsmerger, Staudemier, Shapiro, Warwick

More work for mother

1983

Chapter: 1-3,

Keywords: Counternarratives, industrialization, the home, tools, women, work-process

Chapter 1 "An Introduction: Housework and its tools"

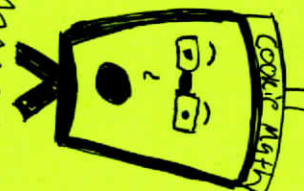
Summary:

What If?

What If

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+
Objects were
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Meet your NEW
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Bill to: Oscar Larnus
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The Frugal

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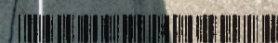
1 PocketOp33

Description

Teenage Engineering Pocket Operator 33 KO

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Order Date 01/27/19
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Bloomington, IN 47408

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Friday June 20, 2014

Experts ho



BRC Director Dr Sophia Pedikaris

By Rory Butler

A group of over 15 doctoral and other university students are in Barbuda along with a team of profes-

Helping Barbuda to find answers



(fourth, left) with students and professors from several US and Canadian universities including City University of New York

solutions for sustainable development on the island of just over 1,800 residents.

The students and professors are covering a wide range of fields including climate change science

archaeology and anthropology as well as food and nutrition.

The annual project is put together by the non-profit Barbuda Research Council (BRC)

4,500 tilapia are being raised and methods of improving farming success are tested for agriculture.

"We experiment with different methodologies







ro by T-M... LTE 2:04 PM

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